





# Los Angeles Herald

CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

SUNDAY.....JUNE 14, 1874.

## CITY AND SUBURBS

G. W. Morgan has money to loan. The Public Schools will be re-opened the first Monday in August.

The Orizaba will sail for San Francisco and way ports next Tuesday.

The Orizaba sails for San Diego to-day. Passengers will take the 4 P. M. train.

The Senator leaves for San Francisco to-day. The steamer train leaves at 10 A. M.

Remember the military ball next Tuesday night. It will be a grand affair.

Rev. Mr. Rusk will preach in the M. E. Church, Fort street, at 11 A. M. to-day.

No business of a criminal character was transacted in the Justice Courts yesterday.

It is thought that an excursion train will be run to Spadra next Sunday, June 21st.

The chain-gang was out again yesterday, giving the streets one of Aunt Dinah's "claring-ups."

Dr. Lucky will preach at the Congregational Church at 11 A. M. to-day. No services in the evening.

Prof. Cain gives his free lecture on the "Red, White and Black Races" at the Court House this evening.

Mr. Morris, who has been spending some weeks in San Francisco, is expected in on the steamer to-day.

Splendid five-acre lots for \$650. Located one mile this side of the race track. Apply to Kimball & Bancroft.

The result of the Public School examinations concluded last Friday, will be made known through the papers this week.

Dr. White of the Presbyterian Church will preach at Good Templars' Hall to-day at 11 o'clock A. M. Bible class at 4 P. M.

Judge Sepulveda is expected to arrive in the city to-day, and the District Court will commence its session to-morrow.

Mr. Noyes sold, yesterday, a horse "as pretty as the tip end of a rainbow or a pair of red shoes." The animal was a beauty.

When you want something cool and refreshing for the inner man, call on S. P. Simonds & Co. for some of that extra-fine ice cream.

The horse car created quite a sensation yesterday by making a trip over the track. The car will be running on regular time in a day or two.

The Orizaba bringing one hundred passengers and 320 tons of freight will arrive this morning. The passengers will come up on the 9 A. M. train.

The Methodist Episcopal Church will give some of their pleasing entertainments in the church, Fort street, this evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Merrill Lodge of Good Templars will give a social at their hall next Tuesday evening, during which some fine literary exercises will be introduced.

The sentence of Newman, convicted of assault with intent to kill Gabriel, will be pronounced to-morrow in the County Court, if not further continued.

One week from to-day, June 21st, the Turn Verein will celebrate the consolidation of the two Vereins in 1871. The programme will be presented in due time.

Messrs. Manzur and Cassin, representatives of the Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, arrived in the city yesterday, and last evening instituted a lodge here.

Rev. Mr. Campbell, pastor of the M. E. Church, South, will take for the subject his discourse this evening, "The Flood." Services as usual this morning at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Geo. Venner Smith a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City passed through this city yesterday on his way to San Bernardino, which place he proposes to make his future home.

Mr. E. German of the Los Angeles Fruit and Poultry Market has bought the remainder of the orange crop on Mr. Wolfkill's place amounting to about two hundred and fifty thousand. These are about all the oranges remaining in the country.

The committee appointed by the public meeting Friday night will meet at the Court house to-morrow evening for the purpose of selecting an Executive Committee to make the necessary arrangements for the coming celebration. It is particularly desired that every member of the committee be present.

### Disputed Land Title.

Our evening contemporary has the following:

Our old native population are considerably exercised about an *expediente* filed for record a few days ago. It constitutes a complete title to a part of valuable land on the river bottom, just in front of the Distillery, and was executed, according to its face, in 1844. The present owner of the land, Mr. Sabichi, was taken completely by surprise to find this document filed and is severely exercised in trying to explain his position on rational principles, how a man, living here since 1844, could have held himself, this written title to this land and yet wait until this late day to take the step to record the document or to obtain possession of the property. There is hardly any doubt about the genuineness of all the paper except that portion which places the petitioner in judicial possession of the land, and which is signed by the three officials of that period whose duty it was to perform this necessary and material function. It is claimed that it is altogether probable that application was made to the Ayuntamiento for this land; that that body ordered the Land Committee to examine and report if the land was unoccupied and open to "concession;" and that the Committee did report, but adversely. But the archives of the city for that year are lost, so that it was only necessary, as one side claims, to take this imperfect "expediente" and add to it a favorable report of the petitioner in judicial possession, when the document would be complete. Witnesses have been brought to the Recorder's office to swear to the genuineness of the signatures—one swore positively yesterday that the signatures were genuine; but to-day he made a counter-affidavit, saying that, on careful consideration, he does not believe them genuine. Another old resident to-day swore to the genuineness of the signatures, and thus the matter rests.

### TROUBLE ON FORT STREET.

A communication from Mr. Adolphus Perkins—a serious affair disturbing the quiet of Mrs. Slummins's Boarding House.

MR. EDITOR: There was a proceeding in our neighborhood the other night which I don't think was altogether right, and it ought to be spoken about. So I have concluded to place the matter before you and your readers and ask your opinion about it. I am a boarder with Mrs. Slummins, who keeps a well-regulated boarding house on Fort street. Having for many years experienced all the miseries of a bachelor existence, and consequently endured a continued buffeting about from one place of abode to another, finding each one more unendurable than the previous one, I was more than rejoiced, as you may believe, at my good fortune in at last finding shelter under Mrs. Slummins's roof. Mrs. Slummins keeps no cats of predatory tendencies; the household affairs are conducted in an orderly and satisfactory manner, and the worthy landlady herself does not seek to gratify her curiosity regarding her boarders' affairs beyond what can be gathered from the reading of open letters left inadvertently about. Hitherto I have been happy; but Friday night a week ago Mrs. Slummins had three new boarders arrive (very respectable looking young gentlemen) and they were stationed in the room next to the one which I occupy. Mrs. Slummins was ranging for their coming by providing a double bed for two and letting the other sleep upon an ingenious contrivance of sofa and chairs, upon which she placed a mattress. The young gentlemen were pleased with their accommodations. I think, for I have heard them frequently discussing the subject as they lay awake through the night. But I wish more particularly to speak of the occurrence the other night, which, as I said, did not seem to me altogether right. The three respectable-looking young gentlemen are quite fond of music, it seems, and this is much to their credit, as it shows a cultivated taste. They have been in the habit of entertaining us nearly every night with their playing from about half-past 7 until 11 or 12 o'clock, which was very kind of them of course, as the rest of the household had no other amusement except sleeping, to occupy their time. Being a man of very temperate habits myself, I usually retire about nine o'clock, sometimes half an hour later; and since the coming of our new boarders I have been greatly entertained, lying wakefully in bed, for two or three hours, by the young gentleman's nightly performance, admiring all the while their very cultivated taste. Mrs. Slummins also enjoyed the music, I think, for I heard her praising it at the breakfast-table one morning, and she told the young gentlemen that she thought they ought to travel with a minstrel troupe or something. The young gentleman said no, they preferred to live a quiet and retired life. All of the other boarders agreed with them, greatly admiring their refined and cultivated taste.

After this the young gentlemen were somewhat encouraged, and that very night they entertained us an hour or so longer than usual, until we all encored them heartily by throwing our boots and various other loose articles against the door of their room. But I wished more particularly to remark about the occurrence to which I referred at the commencement of this article, which, as I said, was very wrong. At the time referred to the three young gentlemen boarders were playing, as usual, for our general amusement. One had a big horn like one of those which the men in the brass band carry over their shoulders. I cannot say whether it was an E sharp or a B flat; but it makes no difference about the kind; it was a big horn. Another had a violin, and used a bow with rather too much or too little resin on it, which made an occasional squeak, somewhat startling but not altogether unpleasant; and the third played upon an instrument which I am not altogether clear about. It might have been a French horn, or it might have been a drum; I think it was a drum. The young men played on the brass and violin for a particular purpose they played it eight or nine times. Then they played "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Twas a Calm, Still Night," "Put Me in My Little Bed," and several others which I have forgotten, and just as they were executing with fine paths "We Won't go Home till Morning," the occurrence took place which I have previously alluded to.

Mrs. Flumm who lives in the next house to ours, is a woman of no refinement whatever; she has no music in her soul, and she can't allow other people about her to enjoy what they may chance to have of unobtrusive culture in them. In fact, if it were not disrespectful, I would call Mrs. Flumm a dog in the manger.

I was saying, the three young gentlemen were playing "We Won't go Home till Morning," with great feeling and paths, when Mrs. Flumm came out into her yard just the other side of the fence from the young gentlemen's window and set up the most heathenish din which I think I have ever heard. She drummed on two tin pans, and scraped them together till they made a solid piercing screech, and then she drummed again, keeping exact time to the music of the three young gentlemen. She evidently did this to annoy the musicians; in fact she said as much when they had finished "Going Home till Morning." She said: "You mean lazy, good-for-nothing loafers! If you haven't got any better sense than to keep people awake here night after night with your infernal din, I'd like to know. Here I've been trying to get my children to sleep for these three mortal hours and they won't close their eyes for the racket which you are making. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, you mean lazy, good-for-nothing—." But here the rude woman broke down and actually cried. Who would have thought that an uncultivated woman like Mrs. Flumm would have cried! and that too in a such a public place, while of the boarders had their heads out the windows witnessing her strange performance. After a while Mrs. Flumm went into the house and got her children to sleep, I guess. But very properly the young gentlemen did not allow her unmannerly conduct to interfere with their music. They played seventeen or eighteen other pieces, and would have played still more but Mrs. Slummins got up out of her bed, and came up stairs in her white wrapper looking to considerate and kind, remonstrating with the young men and saying that she thought they were tired, and she was

afraid that they would completely prostrate themselves, so that we would be unable to enjoy their delightful music in future. Then they desisted, and I suppose Mrs. Flumm was satisfied. Now Mr. Editor, what I wish to say is this. Can't that woman Mrs. Flumm, be prosecuted for disturbing the peace, and be compelled to pay a heavy fine? I think the law ought to deal severely with such people.

Yours, ADOLPHUS PERKINS.

School Entertainment.

We regret to state that the attendees at the entertainment given last night for the benefit of the Spanish School was quite small. Notwithstanding this discouragement the programme was excellently carried out and gave the very best satisfaction to those who were fortunate enough to attend. The "Reign of Darkness," and the "Reign of Light," a tableau by Misses Jessie Peel, Lillie Milliken, Emma O'Melveny and Carrie Prudhomme was a beautiful scene. Miss White sang "Driven from Home" in character and acquitted herself with great credit. "The Gambler's Wife," recited by Miss Levy, was also very fine. Mr. Saxon made good hits in his recitation of the "The Vagabonds" in character. "The Bells," and Mrs. Caudle's Lecture, and he took the house by storm in his imitations of Madame Anna Bishop and Miss Anna Elzer. The amateurs who assisted in the entertainment performed their parts with unusual excellence. One of the most creditable efforts of the evening was the original poem recited by Miss Yda Addis. Through the kindness of the writer we are enabled to present it in full. The lines are shorn of half their beauty by losing the fine rendition of Miss Addis, but still contain merit sufficient to make them welcome to our readers. The poem is as follows:

TWO SCENES.

Gaily singeth Spanish Lola,  
Standing in the old zogam,  
Where the brilliant tropic blossoms  
Shine in the bright noon-day noon.

Lo! a silly, thin old woman  
Hangs her silks of sweeping hair;  
Scarlet blossoms of *granada*  
Twined among its meshes there.

Dreamy Lola looks and listens,  
Pauses in her low refrain;  
But she hears no mooting footfall,  
Nor the hum of a busy bumble-bee.

Bustling 'twixt the palms above her,  
Drowsy is the hum of bees;  
Lo! Lola waits to meet her lover;  
'Mid such dulling sounds as these.

Eighteen Summers knoweth Lola,  
And not one of them can tell  
What she has been or what she is,  
At the coming of Manuel.

Tall and brown is Manuel,  
Strong and brave in pride of youth,  
And Lola trusts him wholly  
In his vows of love and truth.

Dusky hair and scarlet blossoms,  
Olives and lilies of the field,  
Scent of love and note of sweet song,  
Slanting sun on form of girl.

II.

This the scene within the *patio*.  
Turn we now where, far away,  
Cruel on the dusty prairie  
Shines the scouring sun to-day.

Clouds of dust rise thick and stifling  
On the quivering summer air;  
Shouts of men and horses mingle—  
Mingle with the sound of prayer.

Here the lurking wild Apache  
Fie!, with arrow keen and true,  
On a band of weary travelers.  
Worm and armless, but few.

And the savage gait, the bray,  
And the iron-clad, the iron-clad,  
Twang of bow, and target's rattle,  
Like a band of fiends from hell.

There, beside the trampled roadside,  
Pierced with arrows thro' the breast;  
Damp his brow with clinging death-dealing  
Wanted lips, and pressed.

He staggered as one weak and dead,  
Worn and tried, truly, unto death;  
For his eye is fixed and glaring—  
Short and broken comes his breath.

Pierce the warriors strive around him  
But he heeds it not their cries,  
"And another! See him die,  
Lo! he is dead."

All in vain, O waiting Lola!  
Is thy watch for poor Manuel;  
You shall meet, but soon or later  
None on earth may dare to tell.

Put away the scarlet blossoms,  
Put down the robes of grief and loss,  
Open the eyes of the Saviour,  
'Tis the blessed Saviour's cross.

Aside from the cause for which he was assigned, the entertainment incited a much better endorsement from our citizens than it received.

Mr. Saxon at least has shown his good will for the cause of his school, and has furnished a most enjoyable evening for his patrons, and to him we award his just meed of credit.

The Farmers' and Merchants' Bank.

Workmen were engaged yesterday in putting the finishing touches on the new building of the Farmers' and Merchants' Bank. To-morrow morning the bank will open business at the usual hour in the new quarters. By the kindness of Mr. I. W. Hellman we were yesterday shown through the apartments, and as a matter of public interest, we here furnish a description of them. The building is a two-story brick, 22x100 feet, with a front sufficiently ornamental to accord with good taste, the whole built at a cost of \$20,000. The building was designed and built under the supervision of Mr. E. F. Kyser, architect. The windows are furnished with heavy plate glass from the house of Wittleshoffer & Raphael, imported by that firm for the especial purpose. The lettering upon the glass is reading "Farmers' and Merchants' Bank of Los Angeles." is done in gold and glass, showing the name of Samuel Morris, who stands unrivaled in the country, for his sign painting and lettering. The doors and wood-work are grained in imitation of oak, the work being done by Mr. Knowlton in a very tasty manner. Entering the main banking room, about two feet above the level of the sidewalk, we find an apartment 20x75 feet, with a ceiling 16 feet in height. The room is elegantly and sumptuously furnished with the most elaborate fixtures. The counter, 15 feet on one side by 27 on the other, is one of the finest ever constructed on this coast. It is formed of mahogany and rose-wood, and throughout does not contain a single nail. The design is very elegant, and the workmanship fully up to the standard. It was built by Perry, Woodworth & Co., and several months were given to the preparation of material, construction and finishing. The book-keeper's desk and money table are both of black walnut, oiled, finely finished and ornamented.

The rapidity with which these lots have been sold by private sale for the past few days, shows that this will be the largest of real estate that has ever been in the State. Senator Macay has made the terms easy to purchasers. For particulars inquire of

JOHN D. BURKE, Auctioneer,  
June 1st, Temple Block, Los Angeles.

Electron Notice.

THERE WILL BE AN ELECTION IN

Alameda School District, on SATURDAY, the 13th day of June, at 2 o'clock p. m., at which time a vote will be taken upon a question of tax, for the purpose of building a new school house at College Hill, in Alameda. The amount necessary to meet for this purpose is \$15,000.00.

JOHN DOLLAND, J. W. VENABLE, Trustees.

Los Nietos, May 20, 1874.

May 22-14

and packages on special deposit. Inside the vault there is also a fire and burglar proof safe, as a sort of *sanctum sanctorum* to hold the cash. A robber would be apt to find it a severe tax upon his ingenuity and perseverance before he had studied his way through the four combination locks which guard the bank treasure, securely locked in the inner safe. In the rear of the main room is a private office 20x25 feet. This is furnished with a Brussels carpet and fixtures in keeping with the general elegant design. The carpets are furnished and laid by Aaron Smith.

The Bank, altogether, is most complete in all its appurtenances, being fine, arranged, roomy, and well lighted and airy. It stands as a significant testimonial of the prosperity and the enterprise of the institution for which it has been constructed, and is moreover an ornament to the place, of which every citizen can well be proud.

Yours,

ADOLPHUS PERKINS.

School Entertainment.

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Drowned in a Zanja.

About dark last night the body of Nicholas Felis was found in the open zanja, about a quarter of a mile above the Catholic Cemetery. Officer Jesus Biderain was at once summoned, and proceeded to the place, where he took charge of the body, and subsequently delivered it into the hands of the Coroner. Felis' horse was found hitched to the bank of the zanja, and it is supposed that the man, after dismounting and thus securing his animal,

# Los Angeles Herald.

CITY AND COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER.

SUNDAY..... JUNE 14, 1874

## POST-OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Eastern, San Francisco and Northern—Telegraph—stage Line—Arrives at 2:40 P. M.; close at 10:30 A. M. and open for registry must be presented before 10 A. M. Coast—Lines—Stations between San Francisco and Los Angeles, via Santa Barbara—Arrive at 10:30 A. M. and leave at 2 P. M. San Diego Line—San Diego, Anaheim, Gallatin, Capistrano, etc.—Arrives at 12 M., closes at 3:30 P. M. M. San Joaquin—Arrives at 12 M., closes at 3:30 P. M. Southern—Tucson, Yuma, Arizona City, and Way Stations—Tri-Weekly service—Arrives Sunday—Wednesday and Friday—Arrives at 12 M., leaves at 3 P. M. Wednesday and Saturday—Mail closes at 3:30 P. M. Northern Arizona—Prescott, Wickenberg and Way Stations—Semi-Weekly—Arrives on day of arrival—Leaves at 12 M., May 25—Friday and Saturday—Mail closes at 2:30 P. M. San Bernardino and Way Stations—San Gabriel—Monte, Riverdale, etc.; arrives at 10:30 A. M., closes at 2:30 P. M. Wilmington and Way Stations—Arrives at 9:10 A. M., closes at 3:30 P. M. Carson—Gardena—Long Beach and Haviland—Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2:30 P. M.; leaves Monday, Wednesday and Saturday—Mail closes at 10:30 A. M. Good Friday—Arrives at 12 M., leaves at 3 P. M. On Sundays the office will be open for one hour after the distribution of the Eastern mail.

H. K. W. BENT, P. M.

## City and County Official Directory.

### City Director.

J. R. TOBERMAN..... Mayor  
Oneida, 10th street.  
B. F. HAILEY..... Marshal and Chief of Police  
Office, No. 45 Spring street.  
GEO. R. BUTLER..... City Treasurer  
Treasurer of the State, Main Street.  
A. W. HUTTON..... City Attorney  
Office, No. 56 Temple Block.  
M. KREMER..... City Clerk  
Office, 45 Spring street.  
WM. E. MOORE..... City Surveyor  
Office, City Stairs and First streets.  
Dr. W. T. LUCKY..... City, Pub. Schools

### Common Council:

F. SABICHL, Pres., W. H. WORKMAN,  
EDWARD HUBER, F. E. DEELIS,  
JOSEPH KREMER, J. D. HARRIS,  
A. C. GRIFFITH, H. DODCKWELLER,  
JULIAN CHAVIS, JULIAN VALDEZ.  
Meets every Thursday P. M. at 3 o'clock, at its room, 45 Spring street.

### Chamber of Commerce:

S. L. LAZARD, Pres., S. C. CAVELL, Treas.  
L. W. LORD, Secy., J. W. GILLETT, Co-Recorder and Auditor  
T. E. HOWARD, Co-Treasurer and Tax Collector  
GEO. H. PECK, Co-Sup. of Schools  
D. D. STILLE, Co-Asst. Co. Surveyor  
L. E. SEBOLD, Co. Surveyor

### Board of Supervisors:

GEO. HINDS, Chairman  
J. N. GRIFFITH, EDWARD EWEY,  
F. PALOMARES, E. MACHADO,  
JUAN J. CARILLO, Interpreter.

Regular Meetings—First Monday of each month.

Judicial Director:

Y. SEPULVEDA..... District Judge  
Territorial Court—First Monday of Feb., May, Aug., and Nov.  
H. K. S. O'MELVENY..... Judge of Probate and County Court—First Monday of Jan., Mar., May, July, Sept., and Nov.  
J. D. BUCKNELL..... Dist. Court Commissioner Office, No. 30 Temple Block.

### Judges' Courts:

WM. H. HAYRICK—Temple Block, over W. F. & Co's Office.  
JOHN T. TRAFFORD—Downey Block, Temple Street.  
H. K. W. BENT..... Postmaster  
J. C. LITTLEFIELD..... Librarian  
Los Angeles Library Association, Downey Block.

### National Officials:

ALFRED JAMES..... Reg. U. S. Land Office  
J. W. HAVERSTICK..... U. S. Land Office  
Temple Block.  
A. G. HARRIS..... Post Office, No. 8, Temple Block.  
J. R. BIERLY..... Int. Rev. Gauger  
Office, 45 Spring street.  
J. D. CLAP..... U. S. Marshal  
New High street.  
A. BRUNSON..... U. S. Court Commissioner  
Office, 45 Spring street.  
JACOB A. MOURENHAUT..... French Consul  
Main street.

### TIMES GO BY TURNS.

[An English Jesuit, Robert Southwell, wrote the following lines of much merit, two centuries and a half ago. The philosophic strain of the piece is worthy of admiration.—L.]  
The lopped tree in time may grow again.  
Mo' naked plants renew both fruit and flower;  
The sun's bright light may find relief from pain,  
The dry soil suck in some moistening shower.  
Times go by turns, and chances change by turns,  
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.  
The sea of fortune doth forever flow,  
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;  
Her tide have equal times to come and go,  
Then doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
No joy so great but runneth to an end,  
No joy so hard but may be in time amend.  
Not always fall of leaf, nor even spring;  
No winter's cold, nor summer's heat; the day;  
The saddest birds a winter find no rest.  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay,  
Thus with succeeding turns God tempest all,  
Then man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.  
A chance may win by that mischance was lost;  
That gentle hands no great, takes little fish;  
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;  
Few all need; but none have all they want.  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;  
Who least, have some; who most, hath never all.

### JOHN'S WIFE.

Miss Barbara Snyder sat in her straight-backed chair before the fire, her feet on the fender, her head drooping, her eyes closed, to tell the truth, although she would have indignantly denied it, Miss Barbara Snyder was fast asleep. Her maid, a tall, featureless, middle-aged woman, who was moving about the room, trying to put it in order, as she did fifty times a day, at her mistress' command, watched her fervently to see that she did not fall into the fire.

"Jane," said Miss Barbara, suddenly waking and sitting bold upright with unblinking eyes, "if he comes and I am sure he will—don't let him in."

"No, ma'am," answered Jane, submissively.

"Tell him he has seen me for the last time, the hypocrite! to pretend always to be so fond of me, and then go and marry an empty-headed doll-baby! Be sure and send him away, Jane."

"Yes, ma'am."

A sudden commotion in the lower hall interrupted them; a few bars of a popular air, whistled in a masterly manner, a rapid clatter of boot heels on the stairs, and then a young gentleman, who might have served as a model for a modern Hercules, rushed in, and making confusion worse, confounded in the quiet room dashed at Miss Barbara and took her by storm.

"Congratulate me!" he cried, after imprinting a half dozen kisses on her withered cheek. "Aunt Barbara, she is the dearest!"

"You may go, Jane." Miss Barbara

had recovered from the shock a little, and as Jane had retired, she folded her mittened hands tightly together, and turned upon him.

"Nephew John,"  
There was a comical expression of despair on the young fellow's face at this unpropitious beginning, but he said nothing.

"Nephew John, I'm disappointed in you! I am not angry, but I'm deeply grieved—"

"Why, Aunt Barb!" The blue eyes of her listener opened wide, but she silenced him with a stately gesture.

"Please be quiet—I wish to speak,

I have done my duty to you—John, there was a little tremor in her voice as she said, and now you are just coming to manhood, John was twenty-six, and I had just begun to trust in you a little, and now you desert me for a doll-baby!"

"She is not a doll-baby!" said the young husband indignantly. "If you knew her you would love her dearly."

"Nonsense!" the black eyes snapped deedly. "All girls are fools now-a-days; but no matter, you have chosen between us. My will is made, and I will not change it; but you will never be to me what you have been before."

There was real distress in John Barton's voice as he rose and stood before her.

"If you will only let me bring her to you," he pleaded; "I'm sorry you are so displeased. Aunt Barb, don't let this pass us."

"You have chosen." The Sphynx could not have looked more unmoved. "I ordered them not to admit you—you need not come again."

"If you will only hear me—"

"But I won't. Good afternoon." And so John Barton left her, with her face turned away from him, and her hands clasped before her.

Miss Barbara was proud. Miss Barbara Snyder was wealthy. Miss Barbara Snyder was fond of her own way.

But she was still a woman, and in her heart she loved John Barton, her handsome nephew, dearly. His mother, her only sister, had died when he was little child, and his father dying soon after, Miss Barbara had, in a fashion, adopted him. She had indulged him from the first day of his entrance into her house; she had watched over him and made him the one object in life. He had been the gleam of sunshine in her life, and to his honor be it said, he had never been unworthy of the love and confidence which she gave him. "Aunt Barb" was to him the only person in the world, and although people marvelled at the affection of the bright-eyed young man for his grim old aunt, it was genuine and true.

He had gone through college in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and afterwards had settled down into a steady and trustworthy a young business man as there was in the city, and for three years had behaved entirely according to his aunt's wish in every respect.

There are children's voices in the great house now, and Jane, who was in the plot, is back in her old place. "Alice Worthington Barton, Aunt Barb," he said; and then, with the old mischief in his eye: "Love her a little, for my sake, please!"

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